

## TROY HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 20, 1875

## Mr. Dayton's Housekeeper.

**WANTED.**—A Housekeeper. — No one but an elderly person, competent, and of the highest respectability need apply. Call between the hours of 8 and 7, Thursday, April 8, at No. —, Michigan Avenue.

Kate Franklin read this in the paper which lay on the counter in the little grocery while waiting to have an ounce or two of tea done up and a roll of baker's bread.

She repeated the number of the house over to herself as she received the change from the grocer.

She prepared the tea after she returned to the little bare attic, and ate her scanty meal mechanically. She forgot how unsatisfied her appetite still was in her busy thought.

A stranger in a strange place, successively she had tried to find a situation as teacher, copyist, in a store, sewing. She had failed in the first three, and was starving on the last.

She would apply for the place but she would need references. Only one person she knew in the whole great city of sufficient influence—Mrs. Davenport, the rich, haughty step-sister who had ill-treated her gentle mother while she lived, and hated Kate herself.

Perhaps Kate thought she would permit her to refer her, because glad to have her descend to menial employment.

Kate was competent for the situation, for during her mother's long illness and her father's absence she had entire charge of their large family and splendid house.

But an "elderly lady." Now Kate was not an elderly woman, being only 20; but she remembered, with a sort of pleasure, that in private theatricals in happier days she had imitated the voice and assumed the character of an old woman with great success. She knew how to stain the skin to give an old and wrinkled appearance, and she had in the bottom of a box some false gray hair and a muslin cap worn on one of these occasions. She did not need to look very old—only to present a mature and matronly appearance.

Mr. Edward Dayton waited at home after his dinner to see the respondents to his advertisement. He was a handsome man, not yet 30, with a gay, frank, good-natured countenance.

He leaned back in a nonchalant way, his feet on another chair.

"There ought to be a Mrs. Dayton to manage these housekeeping matters. Well, there's time enough."

Two applicants were seen and dismissed in Mr. Dayton's gentlemanly way.

A third was ushered in. Mr. Dayton instinctively laid aside his cigar, and placed a chair for his visitor.

The ladylike and propriety of her manner pleased him at once. "Fallen fortunes," he commenced to himself.

She answered his questions readily, but in few words.

"A silent woman—a good thing," was his inward remark.

"I think you will suit me. Mrs. —, what may I understand your name?"

"Franklin."

"Mrs. Franklin, you will be required to go out of town, about seven miles, to my country house, Oak Grove, in town of Embury, on the Grand Central railroad. The salary I propose to pay is \$600 per annum. Do my terms suit you?"

She answered quietly that they did.

"Then it is all settled. By the way, I suppose you have reference, though that is a mere matter of form."

The name of Davenport was given.

"Davenport? Robert Davenport? I know them. All right. If convenient, you please go to-morrow, Mrs. Franklin, or the next day. I shall not come till the middle of next week, and probably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the center and wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave until Saturday. She will show you round."

"Is Mrs.—is your wife there, or to go soon?"

He laughed.

"Mrs. Edward Dayton? No, she is not there, and I do not know of her going at present." Adding more seriously: "I have not the pleasure, Mrs. Franklin, of having a wife," with a slight stress on "pleasure."

A vivid color came into the brown cheek of the housekeeper, and her manner showed evident embarrassment.

"I thought—I believe—I cannot—" and stopped.

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things. He rose.

"It's all settled, I believe. By the way," his eyes falling on the rusty black dress, "you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars that he gave her, and the words she would have said were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courteously.

"Good morning, madam."

"Good morning," she replied.

"I cannot starve. I must go. I can keep up my disguise," she murmured.

Mr. Dayton, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country house the middle of the ensuing week. Every thing within and without the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

Her predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room for fear of fading the carpets.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason of it. He looked around him with a satisfied air.

It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them, nor the manner of its being served; and the table appointments were perfect; and Dayton congratulated himself upon having such a jewel of a housewife.

The weeks passed and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt a welcome relief to have the house and the day to herself. She locked the doors carefully after the last servant. She would have no dinner. Only lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that which she assumed, but to-day she could be herself without fear of intrusion or discovery.

She laid aside her cap and gray dresses, washed the stain from her skin, and arranged her luxurious hair in becoming curls, and donned a pretty, fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight, graceful figure. This done, she entered the parlor and stood before the mirror, as attractive a figure as one would often see.

"Truly I have forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin, after all!" she said.

Removed from her long restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted, and like committing any foolishness.

"Miss Franklin," she said in the mingling, affecting tones of an exquisite, "it would be inexpressible pleasure to hear the music of that long silent voice."

"It would be a great pity to deprive you of it, then," she answered, in her natural voice, "and myself also," she added; and going to the piano she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sang song after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice. She chose at first the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad and plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But to-day her moods were capricious.

"Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?" she asked in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton's voice.

"It is only I, sir, dusting the keys. They need dusting so often," she replied, in Mrs. Franklin's meager tones, and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Ah, me," she said. "Now what other foolish thing shall I do to prove to myself that I am not an elderly

housekeeper, but a young girl, who, by virtue of her age, should be gay; by right of birth, wealthy and of consideration, visited and visiting, as Mr. Dayton's lady visits and is visited. He is noble, good and handsome," she said with a sigh. "She will be happy. How gracefully she danced here at the party the other evening, when the old housekeeper was permitted to look on. She looks good and amiable, too. Mr. Dayton danced with her three times. I wonder if I have forgotten how to dance?" and humming an air, she floated gracefully about the room.

She stopped breathless, her cheeks brilliant from the exercise, her splendid hair disarranged.

"I believe I feel like stiff, old Mrs. Franklin, with whom dancing does not agree."

"One more song by that heavenly voice, Miss Franklin, and I shall go away dreaming I have heard angels sing," in the ludicrously affected voice she had before imitated.

"Ah," she laughed, yet half sadly, "the compliments poor old housekeeper Franklin receives I hope won't quite spoil her, and turn her silly old head."

She sat down again at the piano, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," and then played one of Beethoven's grandest, most solemn pieces.

She rose and closed the piano.

"The carnival is ended. Kate Franklin disappears from the scene, and Madam Franklin enters."

Neither Mr. Dayton nor the servants would have suspected, from the placid and dignified deportment of the housekeeper when they returned at evening, of what strange freaks she had been guilty. The housekeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at the table. It had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold.

Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her to the library, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate. He read the letters and papers which he had brought with him from town, while she knitted.

An hour or more passed in silence; indeed, the housekeeper seldom spoke except when asked a question. At length Mr. Dayton looked up to her and said abruptly:

"Yours must be a lonely life, madam. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?"

Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up to him with an alarmed expression. In his serious, sympathetic countenance there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper on her brown cheek.

"It is a painful subject," she said at last, faltering. "If you will please excuse me."

One morning he was speaking of the great loss to children in being deprived of their parents.

"I never knew a mother," he said. "She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that, man as I am, if I had a mother I should go to her with all of my griefs, as a little child would. I have sometimes thought of asking you to act as mother in the quiet evenings, when I have longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age I think."

Again there was a vivid color in the cheek of the housekeeper, such as is rarely seen in the aged, but it was accompanied by a quiver in the mouth, and ended in a cough, but both mouth and cheek were quickly covered with a handkerchief, and quite a violent fit of coughing succeeded.

Mr. Dayton, however, did not seem to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and he continued:

"For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice is of so much value as a mother's? Who so quick to see through character and make a good selection? Had you a son, whom about here would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?"

"I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies," Mr. Dayton, she answered.

"True, but you have seen them all, and are, I should judge, a good dis-

corner of character from observation. Whom would you select from those you have seen?" he persisted.

She reddened and paled.

"I have heard the Misses Grandison highly spoken of. Their appearance would seem to prove the truth. I doubt not that you agree with me," she replied quietly.

It was now his turn to color, which he did slightly.

"I do agree with you," he answered emphatically.

It was late in September. Mr. Dayton and the housekeeper were both in the parlor. He'd been unusually grave all day. It seemed to the housekeeper that his manner was changed toward her.

"I have a few questions to ask, if you will permit me, Mrs. Franklin?" She felt instinctive alarm at his tone.

"Certainly," with an effort.

There was an ominous pause.

"I have been told," he said, "that Miss Kate Franklin, a young lady, by disguising herself, palmed herself off upon me for several months as an elderly lady, is there any truth in the story?" looking searchingly at her.

She started to her feet, then trembling sank back into a chair.

"Yes, it is true," she murmured falteringly.

"I confess I fail to see for what object. My heart you could hardly expect to gain in that character."

"Your heart," she repeated, scornfully. "I had no such laudable ambition: I had never seen or heard of you till I saw your advertisement. Would you like to know for what purpose I took upon me a disguise so repugnant? You shall. To save myself from starvation. I had eaten but one meal a day for a week when I applied to you, and was suffering with hunger then. My money was all gone, except a few pennies, with which to buy a roll of bread for the next day's meal, and I had no prospects of more for I had been refused further sewing. But why should you find fault?" her pride rising. "What matter if I were Miss or Mrs. Franklin, old or young, if I fulfilled the duties I undertook? Have I not taken good care of your house? Have I not made you comfortable? If I have not, deduct from this quarter's salary, which you paid this morning, whatever you like."

"I have no fault to find, except for placing yourself and me in an awkward position should this become known."

Waves of color mounted to the poor housekeeper's temples. "I thought—I meant, that no one should know, least of all, you—besides—I thought when I engaged to come, that you were married. Oh, what shall I do?" And she burst into a passion of tears.

Mr. Dayton's manner changed.

"Kate! Kate! I did not mean to distress you. Nobody knows but me—nobody shall know." And he soothed her tenderly. "Kate look up. I love you with my whole heart. I want you to be my little housekeeper—my wife, always. Kate what do you say?" taking her in his arms and laying his cheek against hers. "My own Kate, is it not?"

She murmured something between her sobs that she must go away this minute.

"Nonsense, darling! Haven't you been here for months? What difference can a day longer make? You are safe with me, Kate. Oh, because I know you are Miss Franklin, will you give me the inexpressible pleasure of hearing from that long-silent voice? Oh, Kate, you bewitched me that day! I am afraid you will bewitch me always. But, Kate, let's take off these trappings," untying her cap and removing the gray hair, and with this action down fell the wealth of brown tresses.

"Oh, Mr. Dayton, you were not—surely you were not home that day?" looking up, covered with confusion.

"Yes, Mr. Dayton was—in the library," with an accent on his name which Kate understood.

"Oh, Edward! and you teased me with all those foolish questions when you knew?"

"Yes, my Kate; why not?"

"But you looked so innocent?"

He laughed.

"I shall soon, I hope, have somebody, if not a mother, to confide in: and, Kate, it is my duty and pleasure to give you a husband, so in the future you can answer without so much pain when he is inquired after."

"You are too generous." "I can afford to be generous," he said earnestly, "when I have had the precious gift of your love. Kate, blast forever be the day that I first engaged my housekeeper."

### Troubles in Pennsylvania.

Last night was a time of crime and terror in two of the principal towns in this county. At Mahanoy City a desperate attempt was made to start a general conflagration, possibly with the object of plunder and murder.

Some time after midnight flames burst simultaneously from both ends of a store house on Water street occupied by a man named Krause, and spread rapidly to two buildings adjacent, occupied by John Lyon, George Cahoon and William Bretz. By the prompt and energetic action of the fire department, and owing to the providential circumstance that the wind was then remarkably still, the fire was confined to these three buildings, which were entirely consumed.

Total loss is about \$10,000. Had the fire got under good headway among the frame buildings, a terrible conflagration would have resulted. The citizens of the place are very much excited, and look upon this as the precursor of other incendiary attempts, especially as the "Firebugs" have recently been operating so boldly and extensively throughout the country.

At Shenandoah the trouble was of an entirely different character. Saturday was pay day at most of the collieries in that neighborhood, and toward evening the miners flocked into the town, as they invariably do on such occasions, ready to spend their money freely for liquor. It will be remembered that in every instance of the recent murders by the "Molly Maguires" the victim has either been an Englishman or a Welshman.

As the membership of that hated and feared organization has always been confined to the Irish, an intense feeling of bitterness has been aroused against that nationality, and an outbreak of some serious nature has been feared for some time.

In the events of the night a pretext was furnished. Early in the evening an Irishman named Hefflin was arrested for firing a revolver in the streets. As he had no money to pay a fine he was released by the burgess. Shortly afterward a Welshman was arrested for the same offence, but the burgess would accept no fine from him nor admit him to bail. This so incensed the Welsh that it was with the greatest difficulty a number of the best citizens could prevent them from making a forcible rescue.

When an hour or so later it was discovered that a harmless and inoffensive young Welshman had been shot and his throat cut right in the center of the town, the fury of the Welsh and English could not be restrained. They fired into the houses and on the streets and had possession of the town all night. As far as can be ascertained, however, no one was injured by them.

To-day the deputy sheriff issued a proclamation commanding order and notifying all persons to quit the streets at half past nine o'clock in the evening. He also organized a strong posse to enforce his order, and is assisted by Marshal Heister and a force of coal and iron police.

Early in the evening, in a bar-room row, a man named Finnell was shot in the head at Shenandoah and probably fatally wounded.

The farming region around Orwigsberg has been recently the field of extensive burglaries and great alarm has been caused by the boldness of the burglars. Last night two strangers were no led by Constable Yost, of Orwigsberg, who tried to arrest them. They ran and were fired on. One of them, a man named Heiseman, of Schuylkill Haven, an employe of the Reading railroad company, was shot in the neck and captured. He was identified as a highwayman and burglar, and is now in jail.—N. Y. Herald.

Farmer, don't give your note for anything to a stranger—a traveling vender of any kind of goods. If you do, when the note becomes due you may be compelled to pay double what you contracted to. Be sure you know the man of whom you buy, and know that he is all right.

A reporter being called to account for the statement that a certain meeting "was a large and respectable one," when only one other person besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true; for, said he, "I was large and the other man was respectable."

At the commencement exercise of Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., Prof. Smith told the young ladies that while he was not "prepared to send them forth as captains in the social ship, there would never be any difficulty in their finding situations as first mates."